MARVEL COMICS

DEADPOOL

JUNE
#29

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

THE DEAD RISE TO CLAIM THEIR OWN!

DIRECT EDITION

02911

59606 03703 2

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AGAIN... AND *THIS* TIME, DON'T SKIMP OUT ON THE *MEGAHERTZ*, POINDEXTER...

B-BUT, DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? THERE'S *NOTHING LEFT* TO RUN... TH-THE COMPUTER --

OH GOD! *NO!*

I'LL TELL YOU, THOSE EARS MAY HAVE BEEN A PAIN TO *Q-TIP*, BUT AT LEAST OL' *SCHLOCK* COULD HEAR A THREAT WHEN IT WAS *HURLED* AT HIM...

PAM

...RUN THE TEST *AGAIN.*

BUT --

I'M A *DOCTOR*, NOT A *ZIPPO* LIGHTER, JIM!

AIIIGH!

YOU INHUMAN *MONSTER!*

OH, COME ON... WHAT DID THE GUY EVER DO TO DESERVE HIS OWN *ACTION* FIGURE?

WHOOSH!

DID HE EVER BAG A *GREEN CHICK?* NO. DID HE LIP LOCK YOUNG *JOAN COLLINS?* NO.

I MEAN, HE PRACTICALLY *SLEPT-WALKED* THROUGH THE LAST SEASON... LUCKY HE DIDN'T GET *CANNED.*

OKAY! OKAY! I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU *WANT!* JUST...

...PLEASE... NOT *MUHURA*... SHE'S A RARE *MISCAST*... PLEASE...

AH, HOW THE MIGHTY HAVE *FALLEN...*

DEADPOOL® Vol. 1, No. 29, June, 1999. (ISSN #1093-4480) Published by MARVEL COMICS, a division of MARVEL ENTERPRISES, INC. Eric Ellenbogen, President; Avi Arad, Chief Creative Officer; J. Winston Fowlkes, Publisher; Stan Lee, Chairman Emeritus. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. **PERIODICALS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES.** Published monthly. Copyright © 1999 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. Price $1.99 per copy in the U.S. and $2.99 in Canada. Subscription rate for 12 issues: U.S. $23.88; foreign $35.88; and Canadian subscribers must add $10.00 for postage and GST. GST #R127032852. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. DEADPOOL (including all prominent characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof) is a trademark of MARVEL CHARACTERS, INC. **POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO DEADPOOL, c/o MARVEL DIRECT MARKETING CORP./SUBSCRIPTION DEPT. P.O. BOX 1979 DANBURY, CT. 06813-1979. TELEPHONE # (203) 743-5331. FAX # (203) 744-9044. Printed in the U.S.A.**

IN THE *GOOD* OLD DAYS, *LATVERIAN SCIENTISTS* FACED WITH A SWORD-WIELDING *MERCENARY* WOULD HAVE CHOWED DOWN ON A *POISON BICUSPID* OR SOMETHING RATHER THAN BETRAY THE STATE...

...TODAY, SMASH TWO *MEGOS* AND THEY HAND YOU THE KEYS TO THE *TIME PLATFORM* -- TSK TSK TSK -- THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU HIRE FROM *OUTSIDE*...

I-I CAN RUN THE SCAN *AGAIN*, I CAN DEVOTE EVERY *IOTA* OF POWER IN THE CASTLE TOWARDS YOUR TEST, BUT *NOTHING'S* GOING TO CHANGE --

-- THAT TISSUE SAMPLE YOU BROUGHT IS *ORIGINAL* GENETIC MATERIAL, M-MISTER DEADPOOL. IT IS *FIRST GENERATION!*

SIGH OKAY, OKAY... THAT *NOT SO FRESH* SMELL WAFTING UP FROM YOUR *PAMPERS* TELLS ME YOU'RE TOO *SPOOKED* TO LIE... THE DAME'S *NOT* A *CLONE*.

I SHOULD BE THANKFUL FOR *THAT*, AT LEAST... I DON'T KNOW IF YOU KEEP UP WITH SUCH THINGS, BUT THE KIDS *HATE* CLONES. I'D BE *CRUCIFIED* IF THERE WAS A CLONE IN THIS BOOK.

STILL... THERE'S NO WAY SHE IS *SHE*... THE *REAL* SHE... IT'S JUST NOT --

-- DUDE, YOU GOT *MCGOOHAN* TO AUTOGRAPH YOUR *DRIBBLE?* WHEN THIS IS OVER, I WANT TO INTRODUCE YOU TO A NEW CONCEPT -- IT'S CALLED "*A LIFE.*"

I CAN RUN *ONE* MORE TEST, ONE THAT WILL VERIFY THAT SHE'S *NOT* OF *ALIEN ORIGIN*... BUT YOU REALIZE THAT THE REST OF THE ROYAL GUARD WILL BE HERE ANY SECOND...

...*DOOM* OR NO *DOOM*... THEY'LL *KILL* YOU! IS THIS "*MERCEDES*" REALLY WORTH IT?

TELL YOU, DEXTER... IF SHE'S A CONSTRUCTOR, OR A SURGICALLY ALTERED *FEMBOT* OR A TRANSVESTITE ESCAPEE FROM THE DISNEY *HALL OF PRESIDENTS* --

-- THEN NO. SHE'S NOT WORTH THE *DUCT TAPE* SHE'S HELD TOGETHER WITH...

...BUT IF SHE'S THE BONA FIDE *ARTICLE*...

POOM

BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA

THERE HE IS! STOP HIM IN THE NAME OF DOOM!

Stan Lee presents

TAKE MY WIFE... PLEASE! OR COCK-A-VOODLE-DOO

TWELVE HOURS... SLEEPING SOUNDLY SINCE YOU TOOK THE ASPHALT DIVE IN MY ARMS ON AN *ATLANTA* STREET...

...SLEEPING LIKE I'M JUST DOWN THE ROAD AT *GIMLEY'S*, PICKING UP *BROWN EGGS* AND FRESH *BACON* FOR EATS...

...SLEEPING LIKE THE WORLD IS STILL AS SMALL AS *YOU, ME* AND OUR HOME TOWN SUPPORTING CAST.

-- LAST ISH -- MATT.

KELLY — SCRIPT

WOODS — PERFORMANCE

SHELANDER & WONG — UNDERSTUDIES

BLANCHARD — LIGHTING

RICHARD STARKINGS & COMICRAFT — PROMPTS

DELSON — EXIT, STAGE LEFT

HARRAS — CURTAINS

YOUR HAIR SMELL IS LIKE *SUMMER.*

CHCHAK

BUT THIS IS *WINTER,* MERCEDES... THIS IS THE TIME EVERYTHING *WITHERS* AND *BLOWS* AWAY...

...GONE FOR *GOOD.*

YOU AREN'T SUPPOSED TO BE TUCKED IN MY BED, SNORING LIKE *ANGELS*... LIKE *YESTERDAY.*

I CAN'T POSSIBLY BE THAT *LUCKY.* YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY BE THAT *CURSED.*

YOU DON'T *BELONG* HERE.

YEARS OF BLOOD AND SCREAMS AND HATE... *HATE*... HAVE PASSED SINCE...

... I'M *NOT* PREPARED TO DIG YOU BACK UP. I'M NOT PREPARED TO ACCEPT YOU'RE *REAL.*

TOO MUCH HAS CHANGED... *TOO MUCH*...

...

THAT... OR NOTHING'S CHANGED. I'M STILL A CLASS SUCKER FOR A SLEEPING CHICK.

>SIGH< LOOK UP "SCREWED" IN THE DICTIONARY, SEE MY FACE. HIT LAUGH TRACK.

OKAY, WILSON, IF YOU'RE GONNA GO BOY SCOUT AND NOT ICE THE DAME JUST BECAUSE SHE'S ALL INNOCENT AND CUTE AND SLEEPY-SLEEPY HEAD --

-- THEN YOU SURE AS SCAT BETTER DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS SITUATION BEFORE IT TEARS YOU APART...

...MIGHT I SUGGEST DRINKING HEAVILY?

WHY, THAT SOUNDS SPLENDID -?!

MONTY.

...YOU BUYING THIS -- MOOF!

HERE'S A TIP, MONTY... STICK TO THE TRUTH... YOU NEED SKIN TO KEEP A STRAIGHT FACE.

ER, I -- OH! WHAT'S HAPPENING? I WAS ON MY WAY TO GET A GLASS OF WATER, AND MUST HAVE HAD A... A SEIZURE!

CERTAINLY, THAT'S THE ONLY EXPLANATION AS TO WHY I HAD A GLASS TO MY EAR OUTSIDE OF YOUR BEDROOM...

THE FRAIL IS STILL IN THERE, ALL HER PIECES IN ONE PIECE. SHE LIVES UNTIL I FIND OUT WHO'S PLAYIN' WITH MY MIND.

THAT'S A RELIEF... BUT WHO IS SHE, DEADPOOL? WHO HAS YOU RUNNING AROUND THE GLOBE WITH GENETIC SAMPLES AND --

MAYBE SHE'S NO ONE... OR MAYBE SHE'S MY WIFE...

...EITHER WAY, WE'RE KNEE DEEP IN IT, FRIEND... KNEE DEEP TO OUR NECKS.

?!

MOROCCO...

ALESTAIRE GRUNCH. DEGENERATE. BUSINESSMAN. DEGENERATE...

...A MAN ACCUSTOMED TO DEALING DIRTY... A MAN TO WHOM THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR HOLDS MORE VALUE THAN HUMAN LIFE...

A MAN... WHO'S JUST NUZZLED HIS WAY BETWEEN A ROCK AND A HARD PLACE... AND DOESN'T MUCH LIKE THE FIT.

ONE LAST LOOK... AT MY BEAUTIFUL EMPIRE... NO, SHE WAS NOT GRAND... BUT SHE WAS MINE, BUILT FROM THE GROUND UP WITH THESE TWO HANDS.

THEN TORN ASUNDER BY GREED. I CURSE THE DAY I SOLD OUT TO THE LIKES OF THAT ALBINO DEVIL...

...AND DOUBLE CURSE THE DAY I HEARD THE NAME MERCEDES WILSON.

MEWW

AU REVOIR, LAURA... DADDY'S GOING ON A LITTLE TRIP...

WHUP WHUP WHUP

RROWR

ME

-SIGH- GRATUITOUS, YES... BUT IN TUMULTUOUS TIMES SUCH AS THESE... ONE SEEKS SOLACE OVER SUBTLETY.

ONE ALSO SEEKS... REPENTANCE. UNFORTUNATELY, HEROISM HAS NEVER BEEN MY STRONG SUIT... LET'S HOPE, FOR YOUR SAKE, DEADPOOL...

I CAN GET IT RIGHT... JUST THIS ONCE... TO THE AIRFIELD, CAPTAIN... AMERICA AWAITS...

KABOOOM

BOLIVIA... WHERE THE SUN HAS FALLEN OVER CASA DEADPOOL...

...LEAVING LONG SHADOWS IN ITS WAKE...

...SHADOWS THAT BRING... BAD... SHADOWY THINGS...

THERE... YES... THE LOA GIVES ME SIGHT, EYE THROUGH DARKNESS, EYE THROUGH STONE...

TO SHOW ME THE ONE I CRAVE. SHE LIES THERE, IN WAIT FOR HER DARK MASTER... LONG HAVE I DESIRED ONE SUCH AS SHE... AGES LIVED ON THIS AND MANY OTHER PLANES...

...TONIGHT, BY BARON GHEDE'S BLOOD... THE FONT OF POWER SHE POSSESSES WILL BE MINE...

THAT... OR WE MAKE US SOME PRETTY GIRL GUMBO, EH, MES AMIS!

ONE SECOND, TOOTH-PICK --

GUG GUG GUG GUG

NO, I'VE WAITED LONG *ENOUGH*, WILSON! I *DEMAND* THAT WE ADDRESS THIS ISSUE IMMEDIATELY!

WHEN I WORKED FOR THE *MITHRAS DIRECTIVE*, I STUDIED *EVERY* SINGLE DETAIL OF YOUR LIFE FROM BIRTH RECORDS TO *WEAPON X FILES*, AND *NOWHERE* WAS THERE EVER MENTION OF A MERCEDES WILSON!

YOU WERE *NEVER* MARRIED!

WITH YOU IN A *JIF*, SWEETUMS...

AH, YES, WHY *FACE UP* TO LIFE'S LITTLE DRAMAS, WHEN ONE CAN SIMPLY *WASH* THEM AWAY IN MALT AND HOPPS...?

DO ME A FAVOR, *DON'T* COME UP FOR AIR --

SLURRP GGLUG URP SHOMP URP

BETTER.

I'M SO *RELIEVED.* NOW --

NO TALKING. ONLY *LISTEN.*

IT WAS A *BUNCH* OF YEARS AGO, BEFORE *EVERYTHING*... BEFORE THE *CANCER*... BEFORE THE *MERC* STUFF... WHEN I WAS JUST WADE WILSON, *SCHLUBB* AT LARGE.

WHEN I DIDN'T KNOW *BETTER* THAN TO GIVE MY HEART AWAY TO *GORGEOUS,* GENEROUS WOMEN WHO ASKED FOR IT.

I DON'T THINK I WAS EVER *THAT* YOUNG... THAT FLAT OUT *STUPID*...

IT WAS AS CLOSE TO HEAVEN AS A GUY LIKE ME SHOULD EVER GET.

WILSON... LET'S ARGUE FOR A MOMENT THAT YOU *WERE* MARRIED, AND SOMEHOW MANAGED TO KEEP IT A SECRET FROM THE MOST *THOROUGH* PERSONAL INVESTIGATION EVER CONDUCTED --

WHY HAVE YOU BEEN *GALLIVANTING* ABOUT THE GLOBE LIKE A MADMAN INSTEAD OF PLAYING *HAPPY HUSBAND?*

IF I'VE SAID IT *ONCE,* I'VE SAID IT *TWICE*...

THE WORLD IS A *BROKEN PLACE.* GOOD *DOESN'T* LAST. BAD THINGS *HAPPEN.*

HEAVEN'S WALLS ARE *NOT* HIGH ENOUGH TO KEEP OUT *MONSTERS.*

WE'D BEEN HITCHED FOR *LESS* THAN A YEAR... WHEN *IT* HAPPENED...

WHEN *WHAT* HAPPENED?

SNOW... A *BODY*... *NOT* DEAD...

CRAZY--

KNOCK KNOCK

KNOCK KNOCK?

CRAZY *WHAT?* WILSON!

TALK TO ME!

CHILL, HOMIE... WE GOT *VISITORS*... AND WHEN YOU LIVE SMACK IN THE *ARMPIT* OF THE BOLIVIAN JUNGLE, YOU DON'T *GET* VISITORS.

BUT --

JEEZ, I SURE HOPE IT'S NOT ONE OF DEM *GALACTUS' WITNESS MISSIONARIES*... NO ONE KNOWS HOW TO RUIN A PERFECTLY GOOD SUNDAY LIKE *THOSE* CLOWNS...

Look!

OF COURSE, IT IS MILDLY AMUSING TO WATCH THEIR *HEADS EXPLODE* WHEN I TELL THEM THAT THE *SMURFS* ARE THE CHOSEN PEOPLE AND GOD WEARS A *MU-MU*...

GO AWAY! WE DON'T WANT ANY! I GAVE AT THE OFFICE! I DESPISE THE ENVIRONMENT! I ATE THE MILKMAN! WE'RE ANTI-MAIL —!

SMASH

OH... HEH HEH... ONE OF *YOU* PEOPLE...

...YOU COULD HAVE JUST SAID, "AVON *CALLING*"... SHEESH.

IN DREAMS...

HOME... *SPRINGTIME* AT HOME... YES, THE FLOWERS DID COME UP, WADE... JUST LIKE YOU *SAID*...

...IS THIS A *DREAM?*

I DON'T KNOW... *AWAKE* AND *ASLEEP* FEEL... THE *SAME* --

IT WILL PASS... IN TIME, MERCEDES... YOU WILL KNOW TRUTH...

WHAT *TRUTH?* *WHAT* TRUTH?

AAH!

TENACIOUS

HAH! SPOIL THE SURPRISE NOW? WHERE WOULD THE FUN BE IN THAT? TRUST ME... ALL WILL BECOME CLEAR...

...WHEN I COME FOR YOU. MMMM!

WAAAADE!

TENACIOUS

WELL PLAYED, MONTGOMERY... THAT WHOLE "*ELEMENT OF SURPRISE*" THING WASN'T REALLY IMPORTANT...

...MRS. WILSON, YOU HAVE TO *WAKE UP* AND *PLEASE*, LISTEN TO ME. MY NAME IS *MONTGOMERY*, AND IT IS *IMPERATIVE* THAT YOU DON'T *SCREAM* ANYMORE --

BEEEK!

-:SIGH:- I WONDER IF *BLIND AL* HAD IT THIS TOUGH...

OH MY *GOD?!* Y-YOU -- Y-YOU'RE A --

YES I *AM*, AND THERE WILL [redacted] THAN AMPLE OPPORTUNITY TO DISSOLVE THE FINAL SHREDS OF MY *SELF-ESTEEM* LATER--

— BUT RIGHT NOW, I NEED YOU TO BE *BRAVE* AND *STRONG* FOR ME...

THERE'S A SMALL PROBLEM IN THE *MANSION.*

WH-WHAT *SORT* OF PROBLEM? WHERE'S *WADE?*

BY THE POWER OF THE LIVING LOA, I COMMAND YOU UNDEAD RABBLE TO DO MY BIDDING --! TAKE HIM, MY ZOMBIES! TAKE HIM!

EEW! EEW! TOUCHING! EEW! EEW! SLOUGHING! EEW! EEW! & SCABBING!

LOTION! MUST GET LOTION!

TIME OUT! CUT RED LIGHT!

SNIF SNIF ACTUALLY... STANDING STILL WRAPS ME IN *EAU DU ZOMBIE FOEJAM*... FORGET IT...

YOU PUNKS WANNA PLAY NIGHT OF THE LIVING **DORKS**?! FINE! BUT I'M NOT ONE OF THOSE "*I KNOW WHAT YOU SCREAMED ABOUT IN THE HOUSE OF SECRETS LAST SUMMER WAITING FOR GOOOT PART FIVE*" WUSS BOYS YOU'RE USED TO!

ICE OR ICH

I'M A BAD BUTTOCKED, *NOODLE KICKIN'* MERC --

-- OH SWEET DIANA ROSS... I GOT *MEDULLA OBLONGATA* ALL OVER MY *GLOVE*...

UH... OKAY, BACK TO SOPHOMORIC QUIPPING...

HEY, *DICAPRIO!* I HEARD YOU WERE PLAYING *HOCKEY*, AND THERE WAS A *FACE-OFF* IN THE --

ICE OR ICH

...

THAT'S IT... *THE SKEEVE-O-METER* HAS OFFICIALLY HIT FIVE THOUSAND...

...FOR YOU KIDS KEEPING SCORE AT HOME, I PROMISE BY ALL THAT'S HOLY, YOU *CANNOT* IMAGINE HOW *GROSS* THIS ALL IS...

...THINK LICKING THE *BUBBLE YUM* UNDER YOUR SOCIAL STUDIES DESK FOR HALF AN HOUR, WHILE TOOTHLESS CAFETERIA HAGS *GUM* YOUR GRILLED CHEESE, AND THE WRESTLING ROOM *SPIT BUCKET* IS DRIPPING SLOWLY DOWN YOUR BACK...

...I DO *NOT* GET PAID ENOUGH FOR THIS.

HOLD HIM, MY CHILDREN! THE REST OF YOU, SCATTER AND FIND MY PRIZE!

CLOAK-DUDE, I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, OR WHAT YOU WANT...

...BUT AT THIS POINT, I'D SELL YOU MY GRANDMOTHER FOR A FREAKIN' WET-NAP.

PATHETIC FOOL... YOU HAVE NO [redacted] WHAT POWER LURKS IN YOUR HOUSE...

...IF YOU DID, YOU WOULD NOT BE SO CAVALIER [redacted]OUT HANDING OVER THE WOMAN.

MERCEDES? FOR PITY'S SAKE... HAS SHE GOT THE *MALTESE FALCON* STUFFED DOWN HER *SHIRT* OR SOMETHING?

WHY IS SHE ON EVERYBODY'S *TOP TEN* LIST?!

IF YOU HAVE TO ASK, FRERE... DEN YOU'LL NEVER KNOW...

...SO SAY BLACK TALON!

PP?
THE -- THE BLACK...
HEH... HEH...

BWAHAH

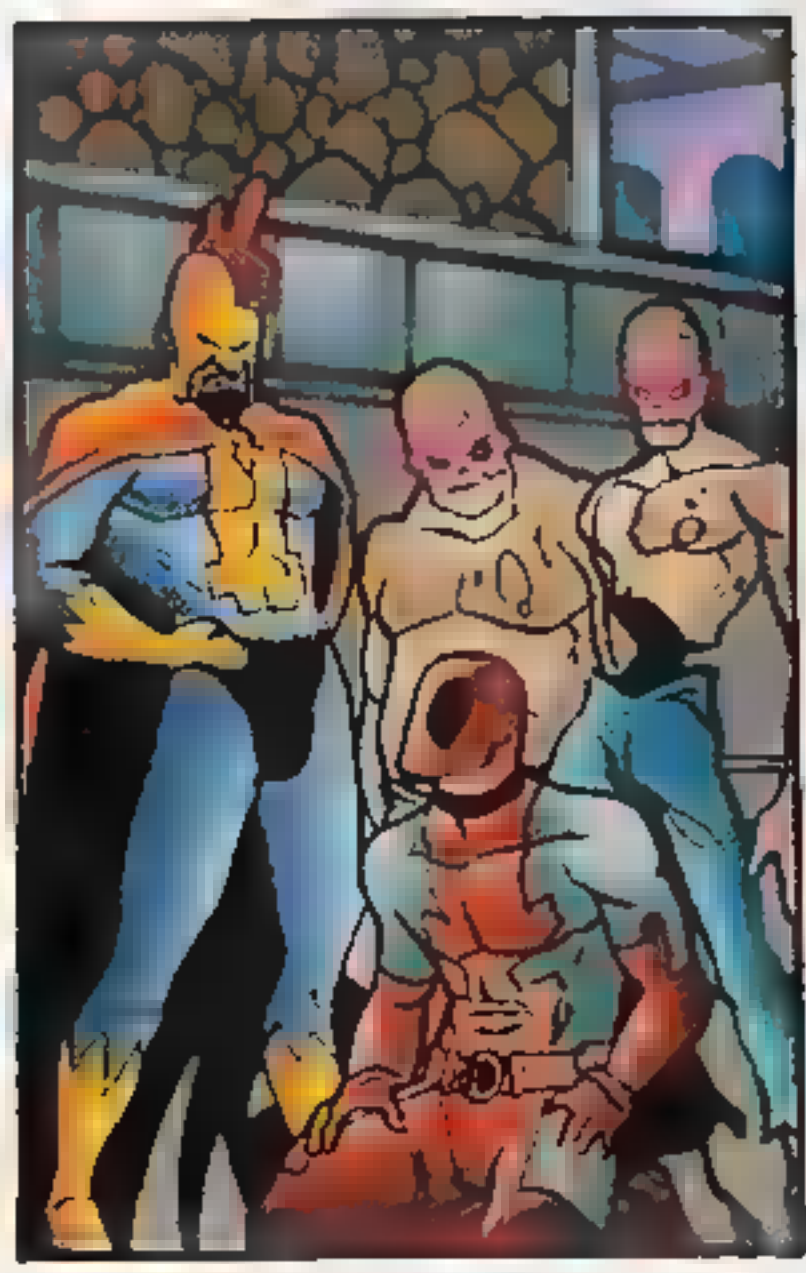
HEY... HEY YOU, STOP IT....
EHH HEH HEH HAH HAH

CHICKEN HEAD! BWAHH!
THIS IS THE CEREMONIAL HEADDRESS OF THE ANCIENT LORD IT IS AN HONOR TO --

SNICKER CHUCKLE
AAAAHH HAAAA!

HEY! NOT A PEEP OUT OF YOU TWO!
THE -- CHICKEN -- SAID -- PEEP! HAHAH!

IF YOU'RE QUITE FINISHED...
:SIGH: OOOOH... OOH... OKAY... :PANT PANT: OKAY I'M STOPPING...
... HEH... I'M OKAY...



KILL HIM!
BWAAAAH! OH GOD! MAKE IT STOP! MAKE IT STOP!

NEARBY.

SOOO... UM... HOW LONG HAVE YOU CRAZY KIDS *KNOWN* ONE ANOTHER?

EXCUSE ME?

TEN YEARS. WE WERE HIGH SCHOOL *SWEET-HEARTS* --

ARE YOU SURE WE SHOULDN'T BE *HELPING?*

YES, WADE GAVE VERY *STRICT ORDERS.* I AM TO BE YOUR *PROTECTOR.* YOUR *VANGUARD.* YOUR KNIGHT IN SHINING —

-- WELL, I'M SUPPOSED TO SHOOT ANYTHING THAT *MOVES.* DON'T WORRY, YOU'LL BE *SAFE* IN THE *POD* --

"SAFE?" I HAVEN'T BEEN SAFE SINCE THIS NIGHTMARE *BEGAN*... CAN YOU PLEASE TELL ME WHAT'S HAPPENED TO *WADE?* WHY THERE ARE COSTUMED *FREAKS* TRYING TO KILL ME?

WELL, THE *FORMER* QUERY WOULD TAKE ABOUT THREE WEEKS TO ANSWER... SO I'LL ADDRESS THE *LATTER*...

THOUGH YOU MAY NOT HAVE BEEN *PRIVY* TO THIS ASPECT OF WADE'S UM... YES, *"LIFE"* IS A WORD... THE MAN HAS MADE A LOT OF *ENEMIES* OVER THE YEARS. IF ANY OF THEM FOUND OUT ABOUT *YOU* —

"YEARS?" THIS... THIS CAN'T HAVE BEEN GOING ON FOR *"YEARS"*... I'VE BEEN BY HIS SIDE *EVERY DAY* SINCE WE MET...

WADE DOESN'T *HAVE* ANY ENEMIES... HE'S A *TEACHER* FOR PITY'S SAKE.

YOU'LL HAVE TO *FORGIVE* ME... I DIDN'T HAVE MUCH CAUSE FOR *SMALL TALK* AT MY LAST JOB... I'M JUST TRYING TO BREAK THE ICE, AND *"WHAT'S YOUR SIGN"* DIDN'T SEEM APPROPRIATE...

OR ARE YOU GOING TO TELL ME THAT'S CHANGED SINCE I [redacted] HIM LAST WEEK?

YOU... YOU SAW HIM *LAST WEEK...?* GOOD LORD...

GET GIRL!

AIIIEEE! SHOOT THEM, MONTY! SHOOT THEM!

UM... CONFESSION? WILSON NEVER TAUGHT ME HOW TO *LOAD* THE GUN... *OR* CLOSE UP THE POD... I NEVER THOUGHT THEY'D MAKE IT *PAST* HIM...

SO WHAT DO WE DO *NOW?*

"IMPROVISE... AND *PRAY.*"

FINGER PAINTS... *KINKY.*

FOR THE WOMAN TO BE *MINE ALONE,* I *MUST* SEVER HER BOND WITH YOU ON THE SPIRITUAL LEVEL

I'LL LET YOU IN ON A LITTLE *SECRET,* BLACK FLAG, THE DAME'S BEEN NOTHING BUT *TROUBLE* FROM JUMP STREET...

...BETWEEN YOU, ME, AND THE *CHICKEN SOUP.* SHE'S PROBABLY A *CLONE* OR SOME SORT OF *INFLATABLE DOLL* OR SOMETHING... SHE'S REALLY *NOT* WORTH THE EFFORT YOU'RE PUTTING ON HERE --

DOES THIS MEAN WE'RE GOING *STEADY?* WILL I GET TO WEAR YOUR *LETTERMAN CLOAK* TO THE SCHOOL *SACRIFICE?*

SILENCE, FOOL... YOU ARE IN THE MIDST OF POWERFUL MAGIC...

CLONE... HA, YOU BUFFOON... IF YOU ONLY REALISED WHAT POWER THAT WOMAN REPRESENTS--

RIGHT, [redacted] THE BUFFOON... THAT'S WHY I DON'T HAVE *ZOMBIE GOOP* ON MY *BEAK.*

...

OTHER SIDE, FOGHORN.

MASTER! WE HAVE THE GIRRRL!

WADE!

MERCEDES?!

WHAT PART OF "HIDE HER IN THE POO" DIDN'T THE SKINLESS WONDER UNDERSTAND?!

I SWEAR, WHEN I FIND THAT MONTY, I'M GONNA SHOVE MY FOOT SO FAR UP HIS SNOOTY, HIGH-FALUTIN' —

?!?

I CAN'T DO THIS ALL BY MYSELF! I MAY BE BUFF, BUT I'M ONLY ONE MAN! COME ON, PEOPLE! WORK WITH ME!

BRING HER TO ME...

-- OH... THIS IS PRICELESS...

GGGLCH... SLURRP...

ME AM ZOMBIE... GET GRRRL... FOR MASTER...

EEP OP ORK AHH AHH...

MONTY, YOU CLEVER LITTLE PINCUSHION. IF IT WOULDN'T MAKE ME WRETCH, I'D HUG YOU!...

NEVER IN MY WILDEST DREAMS HAD I IMAGINED... THAT YOU WOULD BE SO PRISTINE... SO... PERFECT...

...MY DARK MASTERS HAVE BLESSED THEIR SERVANT THIS DAY --

WADE...? HELP?

-HURRK- SEND MORE COPS...

OH, I DON'T KNOW, MERCEDES... IT'S SORT OF CUTE. THINK OF IT. YOU AND B!RD-BOY FEATHERING A NEST, PECKING AND MOLTING TOGETHER...

GO WITH MY BLESSING, AND I'LL SEND YOU TWO LOVEBIRDS SOME CHOCOLATE DIPPED SHRUNKEN HEADS --

ENOUGH! GHEDE'S GAZE IS UPON ME! THE TIME OF CEREMONY IS AT HAND!

WADE!

WITH DEATH OF HEART AND FLOW OF BLOOD, LET THE LOA SEVER YOUR BOND FOR ETERNITY!

THUNK

YEARGH!

THE DEED... IS DONE.

YOU ARE FREE OF THE TAINT OF THIS MAN... FOREVER.

YOUR FATE IS SEALED!

OH GOD! NO! WADE!

MMM-HMMM... BRAINS IS GOOD FOOD...

WHY? WHY DID [redacted] HAVE TO... ...WHY COULDN'T YOU JUST LEAVE US ALONE?

BECAUSE... YOU ARE THE PERFECT CREATION... AND SUCH A TREASURE MUST BE POSSESSED BY ONE FIT TO APPRECIATE YOUR DARK GIFTS...

COME TO MY EMBRA—

—DID THAT ZOMBIE JUST SAY BRAINS IS GOOD FOOD?

GREAT METHOD, MONTY... I SEE OSCAR IN YOUR FUTURE...

HEY, DEEP FRIED... WHY DID THE CHICKEN CROSS THE ROAD...?

CH-CHAKK

SEE, MOTHER... I ALWAYS SAID WATCHING CHILLER THEATRE WOULD PAY OFF.

BECAUSE I BLEW HIS FEATHERED SEAT WARMER AWAY WITH A [redacted] CANNON.

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO.

BLAMM

ARRGH!

W-WADE?

THAT'S MY NAME, KID, DON'T SIGN IT TO ANY *BAD CHECKS*.

YOU *OKAY*, ANGEL?

YOU... YOUR *HEART*... YOU —

DON'T WORRY, IT'S JUST A *FLESH* WOUND... SERIOUSLY...

...BUT IF YOU WANNA SEE SOME *CARNAGE* THAT'LL MAKE THE MARQUIS DE SADE *FLINCH*... KEEP *WATCHING*...

YOU... *CUT ME!*... *THIS*...

...*OF YOU, THE ONLY*

PAIN? *THAT'S* NOT PAIN...

...PAIN IS HAVING A SWARM OF ZOMBIES *PARTY CRASH* YOUR PAD AND LAY THEIR FILTHY HANDS ALL OVER YOUR *WIFE!*

KRAK

AHH... THE *DRUMSTICK* IS MY *FAVORITE* PART OF THE BIRD...

BUT WHERE ARE MY *MANNERS*? YOU LIKE THE *WINGS*, RIGHT, HON? WHY DON'T YOU GET THE *TABASCO* —

WADE...?

HEE HEE

CRAKK

WILSON! YOU'VE BROKEN HIS CONTROL OVER THE ZOMBIES! THEY'RE *DYING!*

OKAY, I KNOW THAT'S REDUNDANT... BUT THE POINT IS THEY'RE NOT TRYING TO KILL US ANYMORE...

WHAT'S WRONG, TALON? *BLACK CAT* GOT YOUR TONGUE? WHY DON'T YOU! *DO* THAT *VOODOO* THAT YOU DO SO *WELL*--?

STOP IT! STOP IT!

OH MY GOD, WADE, *YOU'RE KILLING HIM!*

AND YOUR *POINT* IS...? MAYBE YOU DIDN'T NOTICE, BUT THIS CHICKEN McNUGGET *IMPALED* ME WITH A TEN INCH STEAK KNIFE!

HEALING FACTOR OR NOT, I'D SAY I'M ENTITLED TO A LITTLE *PAYBACK!*

SO GET OFF MY *HUMP* BEFORE I FORGET MY LIFE HAS GONE *APE SNOT* SINCE *YOU* BREEZED BACK INTO IT, AND WISH I'D NEVER *SAVED* YOU IN THE FIRST PLACE!

HON... *WAIT* -- I -- DIDN'T MEAN...

...NICE JOB, CASANOVA.

WOMEN...

THERE'S GOT TO BE AN *ANTI-HYSTERIA CHIP* YOU CAN GET INSTALLED... OR AT LEAST A *PAUSE* BUTTON...

COME ON, BILL GATES... GET TO WORK. YOUR FELLOW MAN *NEEDS* YOU.

HEY, *TWEETY BIRD*... YOU WANT TO LIVE WITH THE *MAJORITY* OF YOUR VITAL ORGANS OPERATING ON THEIR *OWN POWER?*

P-PLEASE... MISTER... MY INSURANCE CARD IS IN MY COMPUTER...

YEAH YEAH, BLAH BLAH... YOU'RE GONNA ANSWER *ONE QUESTION* FOR ME... AND ANSWER IT *STRAIGHT.*

NO RIDDLES, NO HOITY-TOITY *VOUDOUN CLAPTRAP*... JUST THE *TRUTH.*

WHY, *EXACTLY,* DID YOU GO THROUGH ALL THIS TROUBLE TO SNAG MY *WIFE?*

MERCEDES... SHE... IS... (WHISPER WHISPER)

?!?

WELL? WHAT DID HE SAY, WILSON? WHAT WAS HIS BUSINESS WITH *MERCEDES?*

...

I'M GONNA HAVE TO HOOK UP THE *DUST BUSTER* TO A V6... THIS IS A LOT OF *ZOMBIE LINT.*

HOLD ALL *CALLS*, WOULD YOU, MONTY... I'M GONNA TAKE A *SHOWER* AND SEE IF I CAN GET THE SMELL OF THE *UNDEAD* OUT OF MY SHORTS...

...I SHOULD BE DONE IN A *MONTH* OR SO --

WILSON...? I RISKED MY *LIFE*, NOT TO MENTION MY *DIGNITY*, TO SAVE THE DAY WITH YOU...

...THE LEAST YOU CAN DO IS TELL ME WHAT WE WERE *FIGHTING* FOR.

...

YOU SAW BLACK TALON *YOURSELF*, MONTY... BAD HEADGEAR ASIDE, THE MAN'S GOT A CERTAIN *TALENT*.

HE BRINGS *DEAD* THINGS TO LIFE. WELL... IMAGINE HIS SURPRISE WHEN *MERCEDES* POPPED UP ON HIS VOODOO *RADAR*...

...AND HE REALIZED *SOMEONE* OUT THERE COULD DO IT *BETTER*.

DO IT BETTER — ? DEAR LORD, MERCEDES... SHE...

YEARS AGO... IN THE *SNOW*... "CRAZY" PLAYING IN THE HOUSE BEHIND US...

...MY WIFE WAS *MURDERED*...

...AND ALL I COULD DO IS *WATCH*.

NEXT ISH

REVELATIONS

AND NO MORE CHICKEN-MEN = PROMISE!

DEADLINES

PAUL TUTRONE
ASSISTANT EDITOR

MATT IDELSON
EDITOR

BOB HARRAS
CHIEF

Howdy, folks! Before we dive into this month's letters, we'd just like to thank everybody who's been writing in to try and save our merry merc from cancellation! As of the writing of this very sentence, your efforts have paid off! Woo-hoo! Give yourselves a pat on the back! Now, this doesn't mean that the tables definitely won't turn on the ol' Wadester, but as long as you — our ever-faithful readers — keep gettin' alla your friends to pick up the book, we should be okay! >sniff< This is enough to make us... well, y'know... weep and stuff! So, uh >sniffle< thanks again, folks, and make yours Deadpool!

Dear *Deadlines*,

Please please please tell me that DEADPOOL isn't going to be canceled! I love this book so much! I read about fifteen titles a month, but DEADPOOL is the one of the seven that I get on a regular basis. I've been talking to people in my local comic book shop, and I've actually gotten about five people to start picking up the book regularly. Please don't let my efforts be in vain!

Well, cancellation aside, I also wanted to comment on issue #26. I really enjoyed the *Dead Reckoning* story, but it was nice to see Deadpool get back to basics (otherwise known as fighting, mocking, and freaking out). I was totally and completely psyched to see Ilaney back in the book. I really enjoyed her role in the issues leading up to *Dead Reckoning*, but I wasn't sure how she'd fit in if she was brought back as a regular character. Well, now I know. And since Al's not around anymore (where'd she go, anyway!?), Wade has someone new to pick on.

I'm also glad that Monty seems to be sticking around. He really has no place at LL&L anymore, and he doesn't seem to have any way to fit in with "normal" society, so I guess hanging out with Wade was his only option. I just hope he isn't sucked into Wade's insanity any farther than he already is.

Well, that about sums it up. Until DEADPOOL is canceled (and I mean it, no longer than that), make mine Marvel!

Gillian Kirk
Danbury, CT

Thanks a ton, Gillian! It's because of devoted fans like you that DEADPOOL has made it this far! Believe it when we say your efforts have certainly not been in vain. If you (and everyone else) keep up the good work, 'Pool will be kickin' serious tail for issues and issues and issues and issues....

Dear DEADPOOL,

I'm sure you've got enough letters complaining about the possible big "C", so I promise not to bring up DEADPOOL's possible demise.

That said, let me just say that I was pleasantly surprised when I opened issue #26. I was expecting to see a boring 'right after a big storyline come down and relax' issue. What I found instead was Deadpool getting back to his merc roots! What else would a failed hero (at least in his own eyes) do but go back to what he finds most comforting and familiar?

The addition of Ilaney to the regular cast (I'm assuming, and hoping) was a nice surprise as well. Not only is she pretty well-rounded considering how 'young' she is as a character, but she's also pretty, well, round. As one who has not always remained in the best of shape, it's great to see a female comic character who isn't supermodel material. And although the fat jokes will obviously abound, I'm sure Ilaney can and will hold her own against Wade's malicious cracks. I got the slight impression that she was possibly not the most shapely of women from her previous appearances, but Pete Woods's art seems to be flexible enough to actually make the visual match the intention. Kudos to you, Pete!

I guess that's about it. Keep the book going (Don't cancel it, please! Hey, I tried...), and make mine now and forever Marvel.

Jonathan T. Cosgrove
(address and e-mail withheld by request)

Thanks, Jonathan! And while our ever-so-sensitive merc may not express himself in the most polite of fashions, he really does like Ilaney, we promise! He wouldn't have gone back to Heidiland to hire her on if he didn't think her talents — and company — were worth it. Then again, knowing Wade, maybe he just drags her along for the ride so that he has someone's feelings to slam on other than his own. Guess we'll have to wait and see how this new relationship turns out. Keep reading!

And now, a word from everyone's favorite Matt-with-a-Muppetlike-laugh, Matt Idelson! Take it away, Matt...

Well, folks, it's time for a brief good-bye. I've taken a job with another outfit, so it's splitsville for me!

I've had the opportunity to work with some great characters and some absolutely amazing people during my time here (you folks know who you are!). Yet DEADPOOL was the first book I got to work on from the ground up, and it's an accomplishment I'll always feel great pride over.

There are too many people, from the creative team, to the bullpen, to the intern corps, to the fans who made this book so gratifying to work on. The passion and cult-like status DEADPOOL attained was everything an editor ever really hopes for. The sophomoric humor was very much my way of living, and the dark underbelly of reality that constantly lay beneath it... well, let's just say I have an interest in all things dark.

But through it all, there are three people who rise to the top in my memories, and to whom I'll be eternally grateful. In no particular order, Pete Woods, thanks for truly capturing the nuances like nobody else (and for saving my bacon more times than Larry King's been married!) and making this title insanely fun to work on. Paul, for putting every bit as much into this book as anyone to the point of even staying until midnight with me (of course that was the "Deathtrap" issue which only puts your sanity into question). Truly, you made this title what it is, and it wouldn't have been nearly as good without you. And lastly (but not leastly), Joe. What can I possibly say. I think DAREDEVIL/DEADPOOL and issue #11 truly show what you've meant to this character and this title.

So thanks, all, for making me smile while having my daily aneurysm. Who says I can't multitask?

NEXT ISSUE:

SO MERCEDES IS UNDEAD, EH? PRETTY HOT FOR A DEAD CHICK! NEXT, LET'S FIND OUT WHO PUT HER BACK ON THIS EARTH, SENT BULLSEYE AFTER HER, SENT ALISTAIRE ON THE RUN, AND HAS SET DEADPOOL UP FOR HIS GREATEST FALL OF ALL (SEE A PATTERN EMERGING?)! IN THIRTY!

DESIGN BY COMICRAFT

DEADLINES c/o MARVEL COMICS
387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH • NEW YORK, NY 10016
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